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She Moved Thru The Faire

Padraic Colum

My young love said to me: My mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind
She put her arms 'round me; these words she did say:
It will not be long, love, 'til our wedding day!

Then she stepped away from me, and she moved through the Faire
And so fondly I watched her move here and move there
At last she turned homeward, with one star awake
As the Swan in the evening moves over the lake.

Last night she came to me, my dead love came in
And so soft did she move that her feet made no din
She put her arms 'round me; these words she did say:
It will not be long, love, 'til our wedding day!

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Quote of the moment:

I haven't lost my mind; it's back up on tape somewhere.

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